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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1906.

One Message Too Many.

There is one message which, in our
humble judgment, the President would
do well not to send to Congress. We
refer to the message in behalf of ship-
subsidy legislation, which, according to
current report, Mr. Roosevelt has in
course of preparation.

The President was wisely moderate in
his reference to ship-subsidy legislation
in his annual message. His recom-
mendations, as was to have been expected,
were not strong enough to suit the sub-
sidy hunters, who have since been
haunting the White House in the hope
of inducing the President to come out
strong for the old flag and a big ap-
propriation. An unsavory lot of lobby-
ists, as usual, are at work trying to drum
up support for the subsidy bill, backed
by great interests controlled by men
who should scorn to use the methods
employed in their behalf. We are con-
fident that the President has been most
pleasantly impressed by these methods
and by the character of the agencies at
work to procure subsidy legislation.

The President should stand pat on the
recommendations of his annual message
touching ship-subsidy legislation. That
he should have failed in that message to
satisfy the extreme demands of the ship-
subsidy crowd is very good evidence that
they are asking more than they ought to
get, and that the President thought so
when he penned his message. Nothing
has happened since then to justify an
alteration of his views or an extension of
the scope of his recommendations.

Stand pat, Mr. President, and let the
subsidy people fight it out in Congress,
unaided by Executive influence.

The general consensus of opinion is that
Santa Claus' engagement came right up
to the advance notices.

The Drama—Is There a Decadence?

David Belasco says that "a temporary
decadence" is generally conceded by
thoughtful writers on the drama, and his
opinion is that this decadence "is caused
by the commercialism of the average the-
atrical manager, who regards the drama
as a medium of making money."

Regarding the decadence of the drama,
or, for that matter, of any art, a great
deal depends upon the point of view. Some
years since William Dean Howells caused
quite a commotion in the republic of let-
ters by maintaining that Henry James il-
lustrated an upward trend in the field of
fiction. Howells had the courage of his
convictions, and his characteristic lan-
guage, whose elegant and cunning wit is
surpassed by few, if any, of his con-
temporaries, held Charles Dickens up as a
horrible example in contrast with James.
It soon became evident that the Dickens
side was still a thing to be reckoned with,
and all along the literary and newspaper
firing line it was insisted upon that James
himself as a writer of fiction represents a
decadence.

So far as the drama is concerned, it may
be that the subjective subtleties and
psychic refinements of modern writers
have finally caused it to stagnate, and
that out of stagnation it is about to
shoot forth as a healthier growth. Per-
haps, after all, it will thrive better under
the open-air, objective, Shakespearean
treatment than in the atmosphere of the
literary dissecting room.

It is not easy to be certain in these mat-
ters, but it is a pretty safe guess that the
vast majority of playgoers seek simple
recreation at the theater. And this popu-
lar inclination may well indicate the limi-
tations of the dramatic art, for it has
nothing to teach, it would be better
to teach it indirectly; its monetary burden
should be merely incidental to the enjoy-
ment it gives.

Indeed, this is true with reference to all
art. Where it inspires and elevates, it is
not through any deep process of reason-
ing, but by means at once too simple and
too direct for analysis. And while we
do not care to lay it down as an axiom
that art ceases where ratiocination be-
gins, we do believe that playwrights have
sometimes overlooked the idea that the
play's the thing to set the cogs of cogi-
tation in motion.

The Standard Oil, which insisted for
years that it never was a trust, now de-
clares that it ceased to be a trust several
years ago.

Reforming Railway Management.

The discussion of the car-shortage ques-
tion now going on has brought to light
deficiencies in railway management some-
what startling to those who supposed
that our highways of commerce were
managed with a high degree of technical
skill and professional ability. It has been
disclosed that the railways have had
practically no control over their own cars,
being at the mercy of confiscatory lines
and dilatory shippers. This condition, one
railway authority says, is mainly at-
tributable to the "inability of the superior
organization to enforce its own rules"—
one of the rules being that foreign cars
should be loaded in the direction of home,
and another that 50 cents a day should be
paid for the use of foreign cars. "Cun-
ning devices," we are told, were adopted
to break these rules, and "practices pre-
valled the like of which, had they been
committed against shippers directly since
the passage of the amended law, would
have subjected the perpetrators to severe
penalties."

One of the railway practices to which
shortage of cars is partly due is that
known as the "reassignment of freight,
or the stop-over privilege. This privilege

permits certain shippers to subject rail-
road materials in transit to various processes
of manufacture, holding the cars mean-
while, and reshipping the product. Thus a
carload of wheat may be stopped en
route, elevated and cleaned, reloaded and
shipped, or a carload of lumber may be
planed and then sent forward to desti-
nation. As a result of this practice, a
great many more cars and much extra
expense is required to take care of a
given volume of business, and through
shippers suffer. Moreover, the practice is
one that obviously furnishes opportuni-
ties for discrimination and favoritism,
and it is condemned by railway men
themselves as wasteful and unwise.

It is true, therefore, that shippers are
in a large sense responsible for the car
shortage, but why should the railroads
permit the use in the manner described
of their equipment, to the detriment of
the general shipping public? There must
be some reason for it, and no one need
be surprised if a twin evil to rebates
should come to light when the privilege
of reassignment has been thoroughly in-
vestigated. We hope that railway man-
agers will themselves initiate, as they
give signs of doing, the reform of the car
shortage discussion shows to be impera-
tively necessary in traffic management.

It is announced that the battle ship
"Connecticut" will be bigger than the
"Dreadnought." That's Christmas joy
enough for Capt. Hobson.

A Mistaken Contemporary.

"The Washington papers are unanimous in fa-
vor of increased salaries for Congressmen. Since a
large part of the salaries of Congressmen is spent in
that city, there is nothing strange about their atti-
tude on the subject."—Greenleaf (S. C.) News.

That is hardly the case. As a matter of fact,
Congressional salaries would make very
little difference to the commercial inter-
ests of this city. Nor have we observed
any undue effort upon the part of the
Washington press to persuade Congress
to pass the proposed law. The Washing-
ton press has indeed shown only a pas-
sive interest in the matter. There has
been criticism, however, of the House's
lack of courage, the obvious cowardice
of failing to do what it so plainly wants
to do.

Congressmen spend less than half of
their term in Washington. Elected for
two years, they average not more than
ten months of the time in this city. If
Washington received the benefit of ten
months of the proposed increased pay,
would not the Congressmen's home city
receive the benefit of the other fourteen?
If such a matter as the proper and fit
compensation for a Congressman is to be
measured by the selfish standard
and set up by the News, then, indeed,
should the matter be dropped.

The compensation of a Congressman is
not to be measured by the commercial
interests of any city. It is purely a
matter of the personal comfort and
necessities of the members, with regard
to themselves and their families. This
is a great and wealthy country, and it
can surely afford to pay its servants
adequately and well. The entire in-
crease asked for would not amount to
drop in the bucket, so far as the ability
of the country to pay is concerned. The
matter, however, should, and doubtless
will, be considered upon its merits en-
tirely, and without regard to what Wash-
ington or any other community may
think of it, from a selfish commercial
standpoint. The logic of the situation is
either to pay adequately, or follow the
English system and pay not at all.

Mr. Rockefeller says that all American
people "are going too fast." Mr. Rockefeller
has had them going so long the habit
has perhaps become chronic.

A Chaotic Corporation Policy.

In the chapter on corporations in his
annual message President Roosevelt, re-
ferring to governmental efforts to control
combinations of wealth, says that "in
enacting and enforcing such legislation
as this Congress already has to its credit
we are working on a coherent plan."
What is that coherent plan? The
Department of Justice is proceeding
against a number of combinations under
the provisions of the so-called Sherman
anti-trust law, which forbids all com-
binations in restraint of trade. Yet the
President himself remarks that "it is un-
fortunate that our present law forbids
all combinations." The Interstate
Commerce Commission is gathering evi-
dence which may pave the way to pro-
secution of those railway corporations found
to be operating in combination, although
the President is unable to see what harm
the combinations could do to the pub-
lic at large, provided their combina-
tions were sanctioned by law and as public.

The Secretary of Commerce and Labor
has made recommendations touching the
control of corporations by means of a
Federal license system, under which cor-
porations would be required to conform to
certain regulations in order to gain per-
mission to engage in interstate commerce.
The President has not fully committed
himself to this proposition.

Where, then, in the deliberations of the
Executive in the proceedings of the De-
partment of Justice, in the investigations
of the Interstate Commerce Commission,
in the recommendations of Cabinet offi-
cers, or in the legislation of Congress do
we find a "coherent plan" for the Fed-
eral regulation and control of corporations?

Carrie Nation calls Washington "the
refuge of liars." Usually it is a pretty
warm place for them.

The Sanctum of Beautiful Thought.

For moral regeneration, penitentiaries
and kindred institutions have long been
considered quite the proper thing. For
physical patching up sanatoriums have
been highly recommended. For every ill
that flesh or soul is heir to, there is a
panacea—an alleged panacea, at any rate.
Cambridge, which is near Boston, as
every one knows who knows anything at
all worth knowing, now heralds to the
world the universal cure-all—the sovereign
remedy for psychical ailments, physiological
disturbances, or trouble of any name
or nature known to man.

In the Sanctum of Beautiful Thought—a
product of the brain of one of the mem-
bers of the Metaphysical Club, of Cam-
bridge, one has but to sit in semi-sol-
id silence, "absorb sweet thoughts and partake
of the uplifting and harmonizing in-
fluence of auto-suggestion." That is all
one has to do in ordinary cases. It is set
forth in black and white, supported by un-
impeachable testimonials from citizens
whose words are beyond reproach.

In cases of extremely aggravated char-
acter, the desired equilibrium is only to be
restored by the further contemplation
while in the Sanctum of "graphic good
texts with appropriate symbolism." This
falling, a change of atmosphere and en-
vironment becomes necessary. No more
of Cambridge and the Sanctum of Beautiful
Thought.

If a patient be merely suffering with
that tired feeling, "all run down, and
can't sleep at night," let the doors of the
Sanctum of Beautiful Thought be opened,
and the sufferer enter and contemplate,

amid tranquil surroundings, the following
carefully selected "golden texts with ap-
propriate symbolism": "I am happy."
"Fear not." "Demand brings supply."
"Heal the sick." "Thought is formative."
"I am full of faith." "I make harmony."
"Love peace." As a final and surpassing
influence, there is brought to view the
"ancient symbol of a perfect soul." This
is "a round globe, and from each side
stretches out broad pinions of shades of
violet. The whole may be shut from view
by draperies of royal purple," should the
exigencies of the occasion not demand its
too strenuous use.

The universal verdict is that nothing
eclipses the new discovery. Miraculous
cures are matters of daily occurrence.
One patient avers, "The treatment will
awaken latent souls," another says, "Pas-
tors seeking inspiration for weighty ser-
mons will find this the very thing," still
another states, "It is good for nervous
prostration, insomnia, and chronic trou-
bles."

That thing for which philosophers have
sighed for ages, the dream and inspiration
of Ponce de Leon's long quest, the sure
and certain preservative of the bloom of
youth against the ravages of time, has
been discovered at last! It is the
"Sanctum of Beautiful Thought—adjunct and off-shoot of
the Metaphysical Club of Cambridge—
near Boston."

The water-wagon brigade is getting
ready to make its short but thrilling an-
nual trip.

The New York Post discovers that
there were 120 capital I's in the Presi-
dent's Panama message. That ought to
have enabled any one to see thru it
thoroughly.

It was reserved for an Ohio paragraph-
er to say that "the senior Senator from
Ohio is somewhat of a pitch-forker him-
self."

"I feel annoyed every time I hear the
word 'advancement,'" says an Engle-
woodite. "Why worry about a little
thing like that?"

The British do not like our Constitution.
They did not care particularly for the
men who made it, either.

The President has asked Jack Green-
way, the Yale football man, to clean out
the General Land Office, but he declined.
A well-regulated football player knows
when a job is beyond him.

President Diaz no longer learned that
Mr. Harrison was negotiating for 50,000
acres of land in Mexico. He brought
up all the railroads for the government.

When that German scientist perfects
his method of photographing thought, it
will be a case of "think pleasant, please."

The man who made \$500,000 out of "Flo-
redora" is bankrupt. A 10-cent contribu-
tion from each of the "original select"
girls would set him up in business again.

No one need question the unflinching
courage of Gov.-elect Hughes, of New
York. He crossed the Brooklyn Bridge a
few days since at the rush hour.

When Senator Bailey gets back to
Washington he ought to introduce a bill
prohibiting trusts from slipping up on un-
suspecting statesmen and lending them
money.

Man is the only animal that laughs.
This shows how much consideration the
balance of the animals have for man.

"The oil trust is not in the habit of
lending \$10,000 to an arch enemy," says
the Nashville American. There is no one
the trust had rather lend it to.

Count Alexis Ignatieff is the latest Rus-
sian official to be reduced to scraps by
the terrorists. It is a fine thing these
days not to be a Russian statesman.

A writer in a Philadelphia paper an-
nounces that "soldiers do not carry um-
brellas during a battle." He was probably
mistaken in thinking otherwise from read-
ing of the thunder of the guns and the
storm of bullets that some writers persist
in telling about.

Harper's Weekly thinks the American
girl not the equal of the American boy.
A child's ability in general should not be
judged by its ability to make a noise in
particular.

The Christmas cigars your wife gave
you may be intended to cure you of the
tobacco habit.

Arkansas has promoted one of its legis-
lators to the penitentiary.

With present prices prevailing, most of
the Christmas nog is shy the egg.

Senator Bailey pleads with Texas to
allow him to practice law during Con-
gressional recesses. A few of those
Texans seem to think he should be given
the entire year for his law practice.

"A great deal depends upon a man's
wife," says young Mr. Rockefeller, As
Marlborough and Castellane have noted.

The life of a Chicago judge was saved
the other day because the cartridge in the
would-be assassin's revolver failed to
explode. Glad, of course, his honor
wasn't killed; but if that gun had been
in the hands of some fellow who didn't
know it was loaded, the top of his head
would have been blown off, sure.

Couldn't Help It.

From Harper's Weekly.
A well-known Irish clergyman recently
spoke at a religious service in the
penitentiary in Woods Run. He noticed
that one of the convicts seemed extraor-
dinary impressed. After the service he
sought him out and continued the good
work by remarking: "My friend, I hope
you will profit by my remarks just now
and become a new man."

"Indeed I will," was the cheerful reply.
"In fact, I promise to you that I will
never commit another crime, but will lead
an exemplary life to my dying day."

"I am very glad to hear you say that,"
said the clergyman, "but are you certain
you will be able to keep the promise?"
"Oh, yes," said the convict. "I'm in jail
for life."

Doesn't Believe in Unwritten Law.

From the Boston Herald.
If the "unwritten law"—and may it
long remain unwritten—justifying murder
for slandering a woman's reputation, is
no longer potent in Mississippi, it ought
to be dismissed from favor everywhere in
America. And if it is not potent in the
case of that particular wrong, it should
not be recognized for condoning passion-
ate revenge for any wrong. Every man
subject to jury duty should be made to
understand that the "unwritten law" is
a relic of barbarism and an expression
of anarchy.

TWILIGHT.

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
And in the lower air we heard their voice,
We had not to look back on summer joys,
Or forward to a summer of bright days.

But in the largeness of the evening earth
Our spirits rose as we went west by side,
Your voice came from the twilight and my bride,
Love that had robbed us so, then blessed our death!

The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
In muttering and in murmuring low,
Full blown, came from the West, and like pale
blood Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.

Love that had robbed us of immortal things,
This little moment mercifully gave,
Where I had seen against the twilight ware
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

—George Meredith.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE DAY AFTER.

'Tis the day after Christmas; the janitor's
sore.
He got lots of presents, but looked for lots
more.
The waiters are surly; the bellboys are
gruff.
They think that their backsheesh was far
from enough.

The shopping is over, but down goes a
host
To try to find out what their Christmas
gifts cost.
Now mother is angry with father, poor
soul,
Who bought forty gimcracks and failed
to buy coal.

'Tis the day after Christmas and daugh-
ter is mad.
She asked for things useful, and got 'em
egad!
And cook, whom we wheedled to get her
to stay,
Has packed up her presents and faded
away.

In the Theater Lobby.
"That fellow looks like he might be a
Senator, doesn't he?"
"How do you know he isn't?"
"He's buying a ticket."

Dear Me!
"Why wasn't Santa billed to visit
chorus land?"
"The horse were too well filled, or so I
understand."

Disgruntled.
Mary was a foolish gal,
Paced as intellectual.
Bacon's Essays? That is what
Poor shortighted Mary got.

Not Her Custom.
Gabriel was blowing the last trumpet.
"Hurry up!" shouted Mr. De Style.
"I won't!" retorted Mrs. De Style.
"Think I'm going in with the crush?"

Two Men Talk.
"Did you ever see a woman eye another
woman's hat?"
"Yes, Whew!"
"I should hate to have a lady give me
such a look as that."
"Me too."

And Become an Authority.

"Some of these days," began the por-
tentous person.
The dolly that had such a lovely face
And was chief of the lasses' joys
Is wanting in form and in charm and
grace—
For the paint has worn off the toys.

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

WHEN THE PAINT WEARS OFF.

It was a gorgeous night, was the jumping
jack.
When he got it but yesterday,
But its colors are dim; it has lost the
knack
To leap up in a jolly way.
The dolly that had such a lovely face
And was chief of the lasses' joys
Is wanting in form and in charm and
grace—
For the paint has worn off the toys.

There are scratches and scars on the little
train
And the engine has lost its shine,
Though he choo-choos and puffs with his
might and main
It will wreck soon along the line.
There are spots on the little doll parlor set
And the mirror has lost its poise,
And she looks at them all with a vague
regret—
For the paint has worn off the toys.

And it is not the children who learn alone
That the colors are sure to fade,
For the king who has struggled to win
his throne
By the might of his gleaming blade,
The poet who sings to a throbbing theme
Finds at last a discordant noise,
And the painter awakes from his hopeful
dream.
When the paint has worn off the toys.

We wonder and wonder why things are
thus,
Why that which we wished for most
Turns tawdry and dim when it comes to us
While still of our prize we boast.
A year, or a day, or an hour, perchance
Ere the finger of time destroys
The mist of glamour and the rich ro-
mance—
And the paint is worn off the toys.

And bangles they are that we fain would
choose
For honor, or fame, or greed,
But bangles we covet, and win, and lose,
Watch close, then, that give no heed
You, I, and the others are children all,
Are nothing but girls and boys,
And we sigh over trinket and gaud and
doll
When the paint has worn off the toys.

THE HAPPY MAN.

There was once a man whose wife loved
him dearly, and he was greatly worried.
Not because she loved him dearly, oh, no;
not for that.

And yet it was because of that. When
the gladsome Yuletide (pardon a mo-
ment's digression, but this is the first
time in five years we have written the
"Yuletide.") When the gladsome
Yuletide began approaching with its merr-
y, merry speed, the man whose wife
loved him dearly commenced to fret in-
wardly. When the ordinary man wants
to fret he will do it outwardly, and he will
fret more square miles of fretting to the
hour than you would believe if we gave
you the figures.

Knowing that his wife loved him dearly
he reasoned that her idea of showing her
affection and making him glad would be to
hand him a large lemon in the shape
of a gift the more cost him an overdrat
at the bank when the bill came in.

But Christmas morning she gave him a
neat little pen wiper that cost just 49
cents. And his heart was glad within him.
Moral: But you ought to see the bills
for the other things.

WILBUR NESBIT.

Protected Proverbs.

From the Boston Transcript.
"You can't judge by appearances."
Can't you, though? How else can you
judge an actor but by his appearance?
"Never say die." Nice, prosperous un-
dertaker you'd make with that motto,
wouldn't you?
"Marry in haste and repent at leisure."
Boeh! married men don't have any leis-
ure.
"Give the devil his due." What's the
use of bothering, he's sure to get it.
"Seeing is believing." Not always.
Your wife sees you when you come home
late from "sitting up with a sick friend,"
but she doesn't believe you.
"Faint heart never won fair lady."
Well, what of it? Ours is a brunette.

Caught.

From the Detroit Free Press.
Waddies—So you had to work for your
dinner? What made you offer to?
Tatters—When I went up to the door I
didn't see any wood in sight; but when I
got inside the kitchen the lady was wash-
ing and she made me turn the wringer for
two hours.

Never Called for Tuft.

From the Atlanta Constitution.
There is this much to be said in favor
of citizenship for the Porto Ricans: They
have never cultivated a "lid" or called for
a Tuft to sit on it.

In Subdued Tones.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Some of the experts claim that President
Roosevelt doesn't know all the Pan-
ama Canal, but they say it mildly.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Bryce and the President.

James Bryce, who will assume soon
the post in Washington as King Edward's
Ambassador, is an old personal friend of
President Roosevelt. Although there is
nearly twenty years difference in their
ages, the new ambassador being sixty-
eight, their friendship was established
more than a decade ago. The Eng-
lishman, who has written much on American
history and cognate themes, had read
several of Mr. Roosevelt's historical and
biographical works before he met the
author, and on a visit to this country
twelve or fifteen years ago he sought out
Mr. Roosevelt and secured from him some
original data for a work on the United
States Mr. Bryce was then preparing.
There is also a strong bond of congenial
friendship between Mr. Bryce and Sen-
ator Lodge, President Roosevelt's staunch
friend in the Senate, and one of his most
constant companions. It is expected that
when the Ambassador takes his post here
there will immediately follow a change in
the relations between the White House
and the British Embassy. Mr. Bryce is
not a society man; therefore, the smart
set, through whom the manipulation of
public affairs was brought to Sir H. Mortimer
Durand, resulting in his summary recall,
will not find much comfort in the change,
but the President and Senator Lodge will
immediately exert themselves to make
Mr. Bryce's position pleasant in every
way. Mr. Bryce is also an old friend of
Baron Speck von Sternburg, the German
Ambassador, who is one of the Presi-
dent's and Senator Lodge's cronies. Thus
King Edward's new representative will
come to Washington under the most
auspicious circumstances, so far as the
personal element is concerned.

Mr. Root Disappointed.

Secretary Root, it is said by close
friends, is considerably irritated by the
manner in which his speech on the sub-
ject of centralization has been received
by the country. It is stated that noth-
ing Mr. Root has done since he has been
a member of the Cabinet has caused him
so much worry as has this address. From
his viewpoint it has been generally misin-
terpreted from one end of the country to
the other, and by the newspapers of both
parties. It is explained that the Sec-
retary meant only to warn the country
against the rapid drift of centralization
in the hope of stirring the State govern-
ments to a realization of their shortcomings.
Another feature of the matter which is
annoying to the Secretary of State is the
popular misapprehension that Judge
Brown, of Pennsylvania, who followed
him on the program, had made an an-
swer to his speech. The fact is that Mr.
Root prepared his address only the night
before its delivery in New York, and that
the subject was assigned him only a few
hours before he got to work on the speech,
whereas Judge Brown's speech had been
prepared weeks in advance, without any
knowledge on the part of the Pennsylva-
nia jurist that Secretary Root was to
speak at all. Judge Brown's so-called
"answer" to Mr. Root was the result
of the merest sort of coincidence. It is
believed that Secretary Root will take ad-
vantage of the earliest opportunity to fur-
ther discuss the subject of centralization
with the view of making his meaning bet-
ter understood.

Bailey and Beveridge.

Senators Bailey and Beveridge celebrate
their birthdays on the same date—Octo-
ber 6. There is exactly a year's differ-
ence in their ages. The Texas was born
in Mississippi in 1863, and the Indiana in
Ohio, in 1862. Mr. Beveridge, however,
looks several years younger than Mr.
Bailey, especially from a distance. Their
relations are very cordial now, in spite of
the sensational difficulty they had on the
floor of the Senate a few